

### Lloyd George at Rome.

The British premier, with Painleve of France, is now making a hurried trip to Rome, devising ways and means of staying the rout on the Tagliamento. It is a belated mission, but perhaps it is not too late. At least, we hope so.

Italy in victory did not seem nearly so vital to the allied cause as Italy in defeat. Italy was the Cinderella, the neglected sister, of the entente, as she fought her way over the upper and lower Isonzo. Perhaps they calculated on a self-reliance, a self-sufficiency, which Italy did not possess. They may have doubted and with some reason—whether the Cadorna thrust on the Austrian flank would prove a grave menace to Germany. They knew Italian limitations, and therefore were not willing to sacrifice any of their supplies or reserves intended for the French and Flanders front for service on the Carso.

There was a fatal error on their calculations, and for this allied strategists—rather than allied statesmen—are responsible. They apparently did not foresee that a concentrated Teutonic attack on the Italian armies would find a defense of little more tenacity than tissue paper, and would threaten a disaster of almost fatal proportions to Italy. Indeed, this error seems to have been made initially by Cadorna, who left his rear and flank exposed, practically without resource to meet a surprise attack. If the Italians themselves could not have prepared for this danger, if they overextended their lines, if they did not have munitions to meet the kind of assault which struck them, we insist that the fault primarily rests upon Cadorna, and upon no one else.

We hope that Lloyd-George and Painleve, and the American representative at the conference—if there is to be one—will make this clear to the Italians. Aid will be forthcoming to the armies without delay, but it is to the common allied interest to see to it that the Italians are not to be again the victims of their leaders' self-confidence and incompetence. It is not the first time that the Italian armies were caught unawares. In the summer of 1916, only the Brusiloff offensive in Galicia and Bukovina saved Italy from a serious disaster. It is quite possible that the only way to save Italy now is to start a drive of redoubled intensity along the entire western line, despite the lateness of the season.

### Welcome to Our Guests.

There are now several score French, British and Italian officers—experts in infantry and artillery training, as well as in aviation—in Washington. We feel that they are comrades-at-arms, and yet, of course, they are strangers, much as we would like to give them visible proof of our camaraderie and friendship. It is a pity better arrangements are not made to have them come in contact with Americans.

They meet, of course, a limited group of American officers, those with whom they have business, and in the stress of work their social opportunities are limited; but nevertheless, formality and stiffness should be thrust aside in making these visitors feel entirely at home. Their brilliant uniforms are seen on the streets, and they form a distinct part of the cosmopolitan show in Washington in war time; it is rarely that they are seen fraternizing with their American brothers-at-arms.

These military visitors are here to assist the United States in plunging into the war. The majority of them will be advisors in the training of our new national army at the cantonments. They are here on a grim errand, but they are to perform a very real service in the great work on which we have embarked, and which, despite the optimists, is only beginning. There is no need to be effusive, but they ought to become part of our life while they are here.

### The Red Cross of Akra.

If there are any Red Cross medals awarded we hope one will go to the women of Akra, N. Dak.

In this little country town, way up near the Canadian border, all the women and girls enlisted in Red Cross work. And the first thing they knew they had knitted into Sammy socks all the yarn. They sent a delegate to Grand Forks and then to Fargo for yarn and could get none.

Did they throw up their hands and quit?

Not those women of Akra!

They sent this message along the roads of Pembina County:

"Shear a sheep for Red Cross."

Hundreds of farmers did that.

They brought the wool in to the women of Akra who carded, wove and spun black and white wool into just the right shade of "army gray" yarn.

It was no small job, but the women of Akra have yarn for all winter.

### The Kaiser at Stamboul.

It was fitting that the German emperor should visit Constantinople. There he was in his element. Among the Turks, the hosts of Islam, the assassins of the Armenians, the despoilers of the Holy Land, the oppressors of the Balkans, he found a true frame and setting for his character—his character as the Prussian War Lord, the Devil's Disciple, the standard-bearer of the Death's Head.

He ought to be even more at home under the Crescent than under the Black Eagle. Modern German policy has derived much of its inspiration from the Orient. Ethnologists tell us that the Prussians are not true Teutons or true Europeans at all, but belong to a later Mongolian invasion, antedating the engulfing of Europe by the Huns and Goths by several centuries. That strange Oriental cast, that taint of cruelty which is native to the steppes of Tartary—how convincingly it breaks out in the Prussian blood! How satisfying to the Kaiser, therefore, must be a trip to his friends, the Turks, who know how to apply Kultur even more expertly than do his own legions!

But there is trouble at Stamboul. The Central con-

federation is cracking. The Turk has no heart for a losing fight. Neither has the Bulgarian. The Kaiser will need to make even more frequent trips through the Balkans to the Bosphorus in the near future.

### These Doctors Are Not Progressive!

Some physicians banded together in the American Association of Progressive Medicine have decided to seek legislation in various States legalizing killing aged persons and incurables.

Evidently they overlook the fact that many persons have done much good and been of great worth AFTER they had passed the old age line. They forget the millions of instances where sick persons recovered health after they were given up by doctors.

We cannot subscribe to the doctrine of legalized murder advanced by these doctors, nor do we agree with them that they are "progressive." A truly progressive doctor is one who makes an incurable disease easier to bear and makes it possible for one so afflicted to live as LONG AS POSSIBLE.

Further, a progressive doctor is one who makes old age healthier and pushes it farther into the distance of one's life—who does his utmost to bring his patients to what we are pleased to call a "ripe old age."

### No Longer a Mystery.

The mystery of the battle of the Masurian Lakes, which has given Hindenburg a deathless fame in Prussian military annals, is solved.

Observers from the United States, and correspondents from other neutral lands have long remarked upon their inability to obtain data or material for an adequate description of this great conflict, which shattered the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas in August, 1914, and forced him to retreat from Prussian soil. The Germans permitted a certain amount of light—but beyond that they would not go. The story of the Masurian Lakes has never been written, and perhaps never will, except in a fragmentary way.

German soldiers themselves furnish the answer. They tell how "thousands of Russians were slaughtered in the most cruel, the most cold-blooded tale of German military methods that has yet come to the United States. Hardly any prisoners were taken. The orders went out to slay with machine guns the thousands upon thousands who were trapped in the swamps. The moral revulsion of certain German troops, as related in the correspondence of former Ambassador Gerard, is a remarkable story.

What is America to do? Fight the devil with fire, or with civilized methods? Can we defeat Germany by treating her in a way she refuses to treat us?

Bullets and bread will win this war—the bullets we shoot and the bread we save.

Since Sherman's time Atlantans have known that war is hell. And now Billy Sunday is in Atlanta to define hell for them.

The unusually early and heavy fall of snow in so many places convinces us that Santa Claus plans to do his reindeer early.

No German peace proposal which does not begin with "We will repay, give up and make good" is worth the paper it is written upon.

Some wild-eyed patriot suggests that all girls should scornfully refuse all ice cream and candy offerings from young men. He has mixed up the end of the war with the end of the world.

### Improving the Senator.

Here is a little story that Senator William H. Thompson, of Kansas, told at a dinner party to substantiate the statement that there are tricks in all trades:

One day a farmer went to a city photograph gallery to have his picture taken. Placing the subject in a chair, the operator peeped through the black hood and then suddenly withdrew his head.

"By the way," he remarked to the subject, "how would you like to have a drink?"

"Don't care if I do," was the quick response of the farmer.

"If ye don't mind I'll take it."

Just then, however, the photographer inserted a plate and took the picture, and apparently the drink invitation was forgotten.

"Hain't ye forgot something," remarked the farmer, as he picked up his hat, preparatory to leaving. "How about that little drink?"

"I'm very sorry," was the disappointing rejoinder of the photographer, "but that is just a little rise of mine to give an interested and pleased expression to the face of the subject."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### The Star Spangled Banner.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof thru the night that our flag was still there,

O'er the land the Star Spangled Banner still wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

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### A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE PRESENT HOUR.  
Let's prize today with all its wealth  
Of crisp air and golden light,  
For a prize the precious gift of health,  
And all the joys things in sight.

Let's seize the present chance, nor wait  
Adventures of the coming day,  
And snap our thumbs at grinning Fate,  
And reap what garnerings we may.

(Copyright, 1917.)

### HEARD UNDER THE DOME

A Fight Ahead.

With a multitude of affairs likely to come up spontaneously and persistently during the coming regular session of Congress members are looking ahead to an insistent waging and raking of the prohibition battle—the national prohibition amendment, bonedry prohibition for the district, and last, but not least, a probable attempt to take the beer and wine provisions out of the food control bill.

If this program is carried through it will mean either of two things for the lawmakers in disgust will pass the legislation, or that the prohibition workers will keep steadfastly at it until the legislation is passed. The prospect to some of the lawmakers is anything but pleasing and they do not like to see so much of it come at a time when other matters of importance must be attended to.

The program with respect to prohibiting the use of foodstuffs for the manufacture of wine and beer is not completed by the prohibition workers. There are some of them who favor getting into this fight with both feet and to go into it in a way that will insure the passage of every bit of prohibitory legislation that the Anti-Saloon League and related bodies have induced from time to time. There are others of the leaders who believe that it would be well to let the latter proposition wait for a time. Whisky was killed in this direction, and they feel that was quite enough of a victory to allow them to drop that phase of the battle until after the war. But these leaders intend to devote themselves to the more important proposition with all order—and "Bill" Sunday will be here to help convert the Congress of the United States to its complete dry diet. Oh, the session will be interesting, all right!

### Will Socialism Grow?

Final figures on the Socialist vote in the New York city election will be scanned by every member of Congress the country over. For if the cause shows the forecast strength it may become a factor next year in the Congressional elections in a large number of States—enough, perhaps, to change the complexion of the lower House.

The cause will be tremendously strengthened if the national committee leaders of both major parties think, if the final New York vote shows vast gains for this minor party. And conversely there will be little to hear, the same leaders think, if the Hillside vote finally computed falls far below the pre-election indications.

Both national committees have been having reports made to them on the actual condition in New York politics and in other parts of the country where there has been a dangerous trend in the same direction as in the metropolis. The returns will show how accurately these reports were borne out in an election and how far, therefore, the reports from other parts of the country should be credited or discredited.

### THE OBSERVER.

### OPHELIA'S STATE.

OPHELIA.

THE DEVIL USES THE HIDE OF A COWARD FOR 20 LEATHER.

Remember!!

to do your Xmas Shopping Early

Copyright, 1917.

One of the busiest men that I know is one of the meekest and the best read. When I asked him how he found time to read so much he said:

"I really don't read very much. In fact, I don't have much time for reading and I'm a slow reader. But I suppose I remember what I read. If I read more I mightn't remember so much. I've noticed that great readers sometimes have poor memories. Their minds are like sieves."

"But there are certain authors," I said, "that you seem to know, inside out."

"Oh yes. If I like an author I'm pretty certain to get well acquainted with him. I enjoy following the processes of his mind. I feel toward him as I do toward a friend. I even enjoy welcoming them as characters."

"Do you make a point of following an author that strikes your fancy straight through his work?"

"Not always. But I have done that occasionally. And very interesting it was to see the fellow growing. In some instances I could see where he was gaining in confidence and discovering new veins of talent in himself. I can't say that I have any regular method in reading except that I always read a half hour or so before going to bed."

"Now I felt that I was getting at the secret."

"How did you happen to form that habit?" I asked.

"Oh, I began when I was young, just getting into business. I saw that work was going to absorb most of my time and that intellectually and imaginatively I might run dry if I stayed in my rut. So I resolved to do a little reading before I went to bed, the only time I could be sure of. Now I look forward to that interval. No matter how irritating or perplexing a day may be, there's always the oasis ahead. It's a funny thing, by the way, what that half hour can do for me. Often when I'm tangled up with problems and cares, as soon as I get down for my reading, I find myself feeling better, even before I begin, mind you. It's as if I went into another world where the conditions were serene and the air was clear. How do you suppose it can be explained?"

"Your mind may have formed the habit of being serene and refreshed at that time. You must have begun years ago to secure complete detachment."

"I guess it's due to my feeling that this is my half hour for having a rest and a good time. I'm jealous of it. I never let anything intrude in the way of a distraction."

"Is your subconscious mind working on them while you are reading?"

"Maybe. I don't know. The subconscious mind may help. But I'm inclined to think it's the rested and refreshed mind that tackles and gets away with the problems so quickly. I'm hardly aware of the processes. I've a theory that most of our difficulties in dealing with problems don't come from the problems so much as from our own mental condition. Most of us are in a musty state of consciousness a large part of the time. We're unclear."

"So your half hour of reading is like a mental bath?"

"It's even better. It washes my feelings, too. It washes away a good many of my resentments. I suppose many persons get at the same result in some other way. But my way is pretty satisfactory. If I were to miss that half hour for one night I should feel much worse than if I didn't wash my face or brush my teeth in the morning. In fact, I doubt if I should be able to sleep."

"But doesn't the intellectual exercise ever keep you awake?"

"Never. On the contrary, it stands as a buffer between me and the things that might keep me awake, and the things that are in my mind during the day. It sends me into dreamland with the realization that my little personal affairs are of very little consequence anyway and that what is really important for me, and, I suppose, for every one else, is to get into harmony with the big impersonal forces of life. That's the trouble with most of us; we get all tangled up in the personal and we lose our sense of proportion. That half hour, I assure you, is a life saver."

### Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in the City

French and English soldiers, who have been service at the front, and who are now in the United States instructing our soldiers in modern trench warfare, are to be clothed in khaki, but will be allowed to wear their own caps, according to an announcement at Fort Myer. There are now seventy-three Frenchmen and more than ten Englishmen at Fort Myer. They are to be clothed in the United States uniform for their instruction work, but the hard work indicated in during the training here, it was stated, would ruin their clothing.

The Secretary of War has advised each division commander as follows:

You are authorized to discharge any enlisted man who receives a commission in an organization in Federal service, provided the commission is duly made out by the War Department.

The discharge should be as of date prior to the date of acceptance of commission. In case an enlisted man is commissioned, the official Reserve Corps, the soldier is authorized to accept the commission, but will not be discharged until ordered to active duty. When so ordered, he will be discharged on the date preceding the day he starts to obey the order. Your command will be advised accordingly and no applications for authority to discharge enlisted men for the purpose indicated above will be sent to the War Department.

Under the direction of the committee on classification of personnel in the army, headed by Prof. Walter Dill Scott, the War Department is taking a census of the selected men as they arrive at the training camps. This history of every man selected for service. It shows his education, business experience, the amount of salary received in civil life, proficiency in any trade, aptitude for special work in the army, and ability to speak foreign languages. The census embraces even a statement of the soldier's ability to fit into diversions and entertainment, one of the directions being:

"Describe any experience you have had in furnishing public entertainment."

Ladies! Try this! Darkens beautifully and nobody can tell—Brings back its gloss and youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation today, adding glycerine. London to call on ingredients a large bottle at little cost at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, falling hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.

### CONB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

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